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## ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

Campaign in Front of Washington in 1862.

LEE TURNS POPE'S RIGHT.

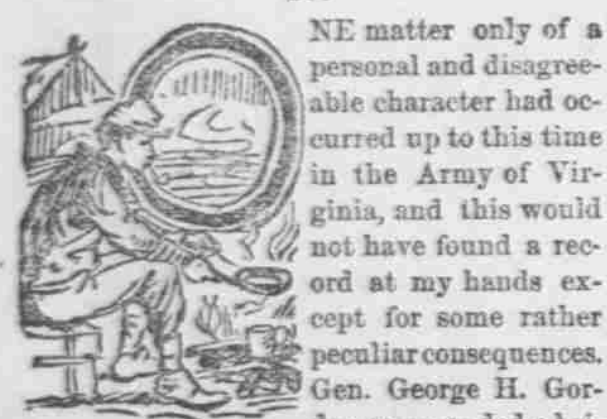
The Capture of Pope's Headquarters Wagons.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

The Capture of Manassas Junction.

BY GEN. JOHN POPE.

IV.



NE matter only of a personal and disagreeable character had occurred up to this time in the Army of Virginia, and this would not have found a record at my hands except for some rather peculiar consequences.

Gen. George H. Gordon commanded a brigade in Banks's Corps, and behaved in a most gallant and distinguished manner at the battle of Cedar Mountain, where his brigade took a foremost part and set an example of the highest courage and loyalty to duty.

A few days after that battle Gen. Gordon, with other commanders of troops, was called on for an official report of the operations of his brigade.

He rendered the report in detail, and it was duly received at my office from his immediate commander. Only a few days afterward the newspapers from the North came to us with Gen. Gordon's official report in full, containing details quite improper and dangerous to us for the enemy to know, as they did through the same papers almost, if not quite, as soon as we did.

GEN. GORDON PLACED IN ARREST.

It appeared, after inquiry, that the report had been furnished to the newspapers by Gen. Gordon himself. For this gross breach of military discipline, likely to be so injurious to the army with which he was serving, and committed for personal advantage and not to promote any public interest, he was placed in arrest, and properly so placed, either by my direct order or by suggestion to Gen. Banks. For 20 years since that battle was fought, and to him that far more important event, his arrest, he has been filling the air with imprecations and epithets. In books, in papers and magazines, and in the lecture rooms of historical and other societies he has been vexing the language for descriptions of his uncomplimentary enough and epithets offensive enough to present to the public the figure of a "monster of such horrid mien" that Frankenstein himself would have been a moral and physical beauty in the comparison. He has constituted himself the historian of events he did not witness, and has created Generals to direct them out of the blinding reflection of his own grievance. Fortunately, such extreme utterances carry with them, in general, their own answer.

I understand that Gen. Gordon has recently died, and I can only say that I hope he may sleep in peace, untroubled by the delusion of enemies never felt and of injustice never inflicted on him.

Early on the morning of Aug. 20 the enemy drove in our pickets at Kelly's Ford and Rappahannock Station; but ascertaining that we covered these points in strong force and that it would not be easy to force the passage of the river there, his advance halted and the main body of his army was brought forward from the Rapidan.

By the night of that day Lee had brought forward his whole army to our front. All day of the 21st and 22d faint or very feeble efforts were made to cross the river at various points, but they were repulsed without trouble or much loss to either party. The artillery practice was kept up during both days and much ammunition wasted, as was generally the case in that early period of the war. Finding the fords of the river reasonably well defended, and probably in the prosecution of other plans previously made, the enemy began to move slowly up the river for the purpose of turning our right.

For the life of me I have never been able to understand why Lee did not at once force the passage of the river in our front and fall upon our inferior force with his triumphant army. The Rappahannock above Kelly's Ford is an insignificant, narrow stream, with good fords every few hundred yards, and when these events occurred was so low that there were, I think, few places where it was over a man's head. He must have known that the Army of the Potomac was leaving the Peninsula under pressing orders to join the army under my command, and that every day's delay must increase the force in front of him. He must have felt confident that he could deal with the small army under my command easily, if it were not reinforced before he assailed it, and yet he suffered the days from Aug. 20 to Aug. 28 to pass without any serious effort in that direction. If Gen. McClellan had been in the least energetic or had had any genuine purpose to push his army to support mine, Lee would have found himself confronted by superior forces and forced back behind the Bull Run Mountains and finally behind the Rapidan. His singular procrastination and his long march around by way of Thoroughfare Gap cannot be explained on any military grounds whatever, and the secret of his action may perhaps be found where I do not care to look for it.

My orders still bound me to keep open

the roads to Fredericksburg to receive reinforcements from the Peninsula, and I therefore could not extend my line much above Rappahannock Station without weakening it so much that it might be broken through almost anywhere. I telegraphed again and again to Washington, representing this dangerous movement of Lee toward my right, and that I could not meet it without letting go my hold on the river below.

POPE ORDERED TO HOLD AND FIGHT FOR EVERY INCH OF GROUND.

The following dispatches, both dated on the 21st, will show what ideas they held in Washington, and under what assurances I held on so long to a faulty line:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21, 1862.  
Gen. Pope: I have telegraphed Gen. Burnside to know at what hour he can reinforce Reno. Am waiting his answer. Every effort must be made to hold the Rappahannock. Large forces will be in tomorrow. (Signed) H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

And again:  
WASHINGTON, Aug. 21, 1862.  
Gen. Pope: I have just seen Gen. Burnside's reply. Gen. Cox's forces are coming in from Parkersburg, and will be here tomorrow and next day. Dispute every inch of the ground, and fight like the devil till we can reinforce you. Forty-eight hours more, and we can make you strong enough. Don't yield an inch if you can help it. (Signed) H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

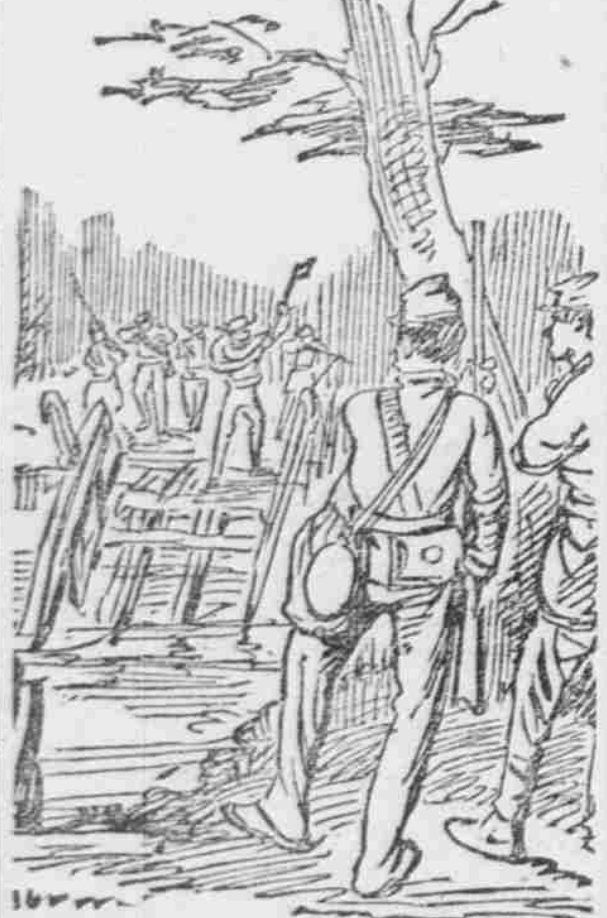
Finding that the continued movement of the enemy toward my right, whilst heavy masses still confronted me at Rappahannock Station, would within 24 hours, if allowed



THE REBEL PICKETS.

to continue, either render my position on the Rappahannock wholly untenable or force me to give battle to the enemy on my front and right, I determined on the afternoon of the 23d to mass my whole force to recross the river by the bridge and ford near Rappahannock Station and Kelly's Ford, and to assail the flank and rear of the long column of the enemy slowly moving up the river. The necessary orders were accordingly made on the night of the 23d. It would have been a hazardous movement, no doubt, but I must have made it or utterly abandoned the plan adhered to with such pertinacity at Washington. It would have been easy for me then, as it would have been at any time afterward, to draw my force down the river to Fredericksburg, and by uniting with the troops there to be strong enough to maintain myself against any forces of the enemy; but the routes to Washington would have been left open, and nothing was known to me of McClellan's army or his movements. It was better that my army should be sacrificed in fighting for delay than that the Capital should be seriously endangered. I considered it my duty to hazard the movement and to fall upon the enemy's flank and rear by recrossing the Rappahannock with my whole army.

As it happened, however, a heavy rain set in that night, and by morning the river had risen at least eight feet and had become a raging torrent, carrying away one bridge and destroying for some days all the fords below Sulphur Springs. It was no longer practicable to recross the river and make the attack we had prepared for, but the rise in the river which prevented the movement would also, I believed, prevent the withdrawal to the south side of the river of such of the enemy's forces as were known to have crossed to the north side at Sulphur Springs and Waterloo Bridge. Early on the



REBELS DESTROYING THE BRIDGE.

morning of the 23d I massed my forces in the neighborhood of Rappahannock Station, with the purpose of assaulting at once the forces of the enemy above indicated, and which were supposed then to be between Sulphur Springs, Waterloo Bridge and the town of Warrenton. As the river was much too high to be forded, and I felt sure that most of the bridges were gone, and that this condition was likely to last at least two days, I had no fears that the enemy could interpose any of his forces between me and Fredericksburg, or make any movement against our line of supplies, the Orange & Alexandria Railroad.

I accordingly directed Gen. Sigel, who held my right nearest to Sulphur Springs, to march promptly with his whole corps on that place; to give battle at once to whatever force of the enemy he might find there,

and to push forward along the river to Waterloo Bridge. The corps of Reno and Banks were sent to support this movement. I directed Gen. McDowell to move at the same time directly to Warrenton, so that from there he could march toward Sulphur Springs or Waterloo Bridge, as might be most desirable, to aid Sigel's movement. To the corps of McDowell I attached the Division of Pennsylvania Reserves, under Gen. Reynolds, which had reported that day and were the first of the Army of the Potomac to join my command. Gen. Meade, who afterward commanded the Army of the Potomac with such great distinction, was next in rank to Gen. Reynolds in that division.

HEADQUARTERS WAGONS CAPTURED.

On the night of the 23d of August a small cavalry force of the enemy, which had crossed the Rappahannock at Waterloo Bridge and had passed through Warrenton, made a raid upon our trains at Catlett's Station, on the line of the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, about 10 miles distant, and destroyed altogether four or five wagons out of some thousands. As it happened, quite accidentally, these wagons thus destroyed belonged to my own headquarters train, and, of course, a great shout and hurrah were made over this wonderful achievement, out of which the enemy possessed themselves of some private letters having no relation to the war, and a few other papers equally unimportant, as also some two or three suits of clothing more or less worn. It was therefore quite a brilliant affair and reflected great credit on all concerned, especially the tasteful feat of inducing a negro into a suit of my uniform clothing and parading him through the streets of Warrenton on their retreat. This cavalry detachment was not more than 300 strong when it made this raid. Our whole army train was parked at Catlett's Station and was guarded by 1,500 men, beside being within easy reach of the whole army.

The success of this small cavalry raid, trifling as it was and attended with no loss worth mentioning, was certainly far from creditable to the force guarding the trains, and through whose neglect and carelessness only such an affair was practicable.

Gen. Sigel moved up the river as he was ordered, but very slowly, in the direction of Sulphur Springs, on the 23d, and first encountered a force of the enemy near a point where a small stream called "Great Run" puts into the river about two miles below Sulphur Springs. The enemy was driven across the stream, but destroyed the bridges. Owing to the heavy rains of the night before the stream had risen so much as to be unfordable, so the night of the 23d and part of the morning of the 24th were spent in replacing the bridge. McDowell's Corps occupied Warrenton on the night of the 23d, driving out a small cavalry force of the enemy he found there.

On the morning of the 24th Sigel crossed Great Run and occupied Sulphur Springs under some artillery fire from the opposite bank. The enemy, who had crossed at Sulphur Springs a day or two before, had recrossed to the south side before the flood carried away the bridge. Sigel at once pushed forward toward Waterloo Bridge, followed by Banks and Reno. On that same morning I sent Buford with a heavy cavalry force from Warrenton to reconnoiter the enemy at Waterloo Bridge and above. It was then believed by Sigel, who so reported to me, that a considerable force of the enemy was still on the north side of the river, and retiring before his advance in the direction of Waterloo Bridge. Buford reported no enemy at Waterloo Bridge, or between there and Sulphur Springs, and Sigel's advance under Milroy occupied the place during the afternoon. On that afternoon Lee's whole army was stretched along the river from Rappahannock Station to Waterloo Bridge.

During the day of the 24th a large force of the enemy, numbering 36 regiments of infantry, with the usual artillery batteries and a heavy cavalry force, was detached from the main body and marched rapidly north in the direction of Rectortown. They could be distinctly seen, and were several times that afternoon counted and reported from our signal stations along the east and north side of the river. This force, as we afterward ascertained, was Stonewall Jackson's Corps, and the purpose of his movement was not long in doubt.

It became very apparent that it would no longer be possible for me to hold the lower Rappahannock longer if I were expected to cover the approaches to Washington. The main body of the enemy was steadily, though not rapidly, moving toward my right, keeping the Rappahannock between us, and it was necessary to meet this movement in the direction of my objective. I therefore proceeded rapidly to concentrate my forces between Warrenton and Gainesville, both along the Warrenton pike and along the railroad south of it.

JACKSON PASSES THROUGH THOROUGHFARE GAP.

The day after this concentration was ordered (Aug. 26) Jackson, passing through Thoroughfare Gap, struck the railroad at Manassas Junction. As I have recounted fully in an article for the *Century Magazine*, published in its issue for January, 1888, the steps taken by me to forestall and prevent such a movement, and the inexorable manner in which my wishes and advice were neglected, notwithstanding every assurance that they would be carried out, it would not be proper for me to repeat what is therein said. The passage of Thoroughfare Gap by Jackson seems to mark distinctly the beginning of the second battle of Bull Run, and in my article for the *Century Magazine* I have begun the account of the battle at that point of time. To that article I must refer anyone interested in the subject, as it would be manifestly improper for me to recount even in different language a history which I wrote for, and which belongs to, the *Century* Co.

The next article for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will contain a history of McClellan's connection with the campaign of the Army of Virginia under my command, with some incidental reference to other officers of rank in his army.

[To be continued.]

## SALISBURY PRISON.

The Personal Experience of an Ohio Cavalryman.

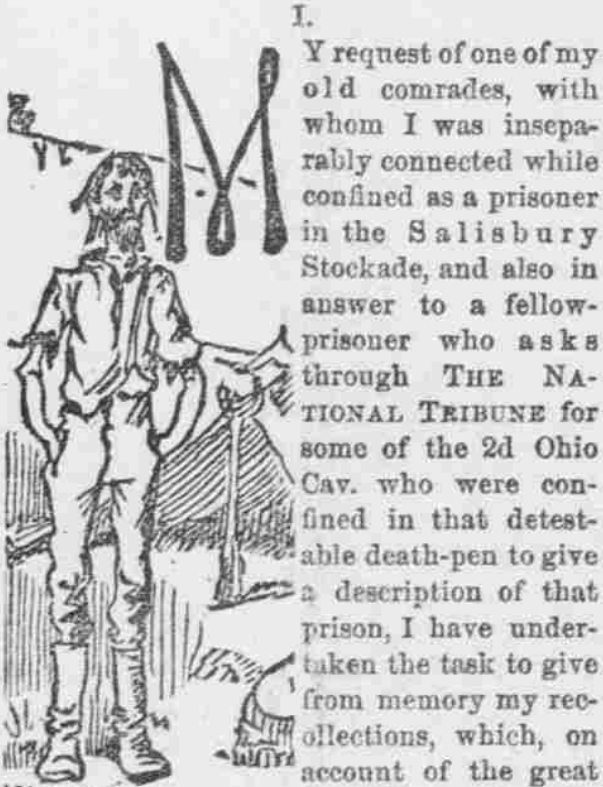
LIBBY AND BELLE ISLE.

A Night Escape from Salisbury.

THE LOYAL NEGRO.

The Weary March Toward Freedom.

BY JOHN G. WEAVER, 2D OHIO CAV.



Y request of one of my old comrades, with whom I was inseparably connected while confined as a prisoner in the Salisbury Stockade, and also in answer to a fellow-prisoner who asks through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for some of the 2d Ohio Cav. who were confined in that detestable death-pen to give a description of that prison, I have undertaken the task to give from memory my recollections, which, on account of the great lapse of time since the events to be recorded in that and other prisons of the South, I make no claim that they are absolutely correct as to dates, but are true as to occurrences, descriptions, etc.

I was a Sergeant of Co. I, 2d Ohio Cav., which belonged at the time of my capture to Wilson's Division, of Sheridan's cavalry, and was captured at Waynesboro, in the Shenandoah Valley, shortly after the battle of Opequan, from where Wilson's cavalry chased the fleeing rebels up through the Valley until we reached Waynesboro, at the foot of the mountains on the east and where



NO BOOTY.

the railroad has tunneled through going to Richmond.

IN LIBBY PRISON.

Quite a number of prisoners, of which I was one, were placed on the cars and shipped to Richmond and placed in Libby, which has been so often described in your columns. I found myself confined in a long room in the second story of the historical prison, the brick partition-walls of which were covered with a coat of whitewash, which from appearance was the work of some colored artist before the war, every brick of which bore the inscription of some soldier who had been confined there and who had written with lead pencil his name, regiment and company. The second day after my confinement there came into the room two rebel officers, one a spare-built man, who carried a revolver in his hand, which he flourished quite recklessly while he ordered with oaths the prisoners to get in a column of fours, which we did. He then got to the right of the column and against the wall and gave the order "Right face," which placed the head of the column on the left. After surveying us for a moment he addressed us as follows:

"Now, Yanks, you are prisoners of war, and there is no telling when you will be paroled, and as some of you may have some valuables about you which you do not wish to lose, I have arranged with the Major here" (pointing to the other officer who came in with him, and who was just the opposite of the one who addressed us, as he was round, well-built, short in stature, and wore a full suit of regimentals, and carried a large book under his arm and a bottle of ink tied to a button on his coat, while he twirled a pen and holder in his right hand) "to take down your names and write opposite to them the articles, watches or money belonging to each, so that when you are exchanged or paroled they can be returned. Now, if any of you have anything of the kind, just step up to the Major and he will record it."

A painful silence followed after this appeal, during which the officer's face began to darken, as not a man offered to comply with his most magnanimous offer. Suddenly starting as he brandished his weapon in the face of the helpless prisoners, with vehement and profane expletives he almost shouted, with apparent rage:

"The first two fours" (of which I was one) "step out and place your backs to the wall."

We obeyed the command, wondering what was to be done. Then, with the vilest oaths, he ordered us to take off our hats and place them before us on the floor. When this was done, he turned to the rest of the prisoners, who were interested spectators of what was going on, and delivered himself, accompanied with a torrent of oaths, while he threateningly flourished his revolver in the faces of the unarmed men, as follows:

"Now, look here, you ——— Yankees; you heard what I said, didn't you? Yes,

we had just passed through

the man at the hatchway

and why they seemed so

indifferent ——— considerate interest in

their behalf, he again said:

"You had better hand them right up, or

the rebels will strip you and get all you've

got."

Then some one answered, "We've been

providing" (meaning they had been searched)

"long ago; won't you lend us a dollar?" At

which the head was suddenly drawn up and

and small aperture into which the soup

was expected to flow, caused quite a por-

tion of the precious decoction of bugs

and hard peas to overflow on the face

and clothes of the hungry prisoner, while

quite as much more was lost by falling

on the sand, and for which some of the half-

starved prisoners scrambled and fought for

as if it was of the greatest value. And what

son! To those who have not eaten Belle Isle

soup nothing in the English language can per-

fectly describe it. The buckets, when first

handed to me, looked like a black mass of

something, which on close inspection proved

to be the wings of bugs which burrow into

the pea and eat out all the substance, while

they grow to the size of the pea itself and

then die. Those were the kind of vegeta-

bles the rebels made the Yanks' soup out of.

When you would skin these shells and

wings to one side there was a yellowish fluid,

which contained about as much nutriment

as could be got out of chaff of well-threshed

grain. But still the prisoners devoured it, as

only hungry, and starving men would do.

While on the Island I noticed that every

morning we were marched through the en-

trance and counted, and as we came through

the gate we were turned to the right until

all prisoners who were able were on the out-

side of the embankment which surrounded

the inclosures, which were like breastworks

that were thrown up, the ditch being on

the inside; and the ditch was the dead-line,

where many of our sick and weak comrades

fell into and were shot. After the prisoners

were all out that could walk, the rebel officers

and guards would go through the inclosure

LOOKING FOR THE SICK AND DEAD.

After these were taken out we were again

counted, and thus they kept their account

of prisoners to issue rations to.

The third morning after my arrival I noticed

that instead of counting the prisoners off to

the right, they were going in the opposite di-

rection; and being somewhat curious to know

the cause, and thinking perhaps it might be for

exchange or parole, (for which I was quite

anxious), I crowded up to the entrance and was

counted out to the left. Five hundred were

thus counted and marched through the old

rolling-mill and up to the railroad. For what?

We all asked. Some said to be exchanged,

some paroled, and more did not know; but we

were not kept long in suspense, for while we

were standing in four's, rations were issued

us, and orders to march to the cars were given.

The rations were delivered to the head of the

column, and the distribution of them left to

the generosity of the prisoners in whose hands

they were put, and the consequence was that

about 100 in the rear of the column (of which

I was one) received nothing. We were then

marched to a train of flat cars, on which we

formed in a column of fours and marched

toward the famous island of sand in the

James River, which will always be known as

Belle Isle Prison. While on our way to that

famous inclosure, and while yet marching

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again.

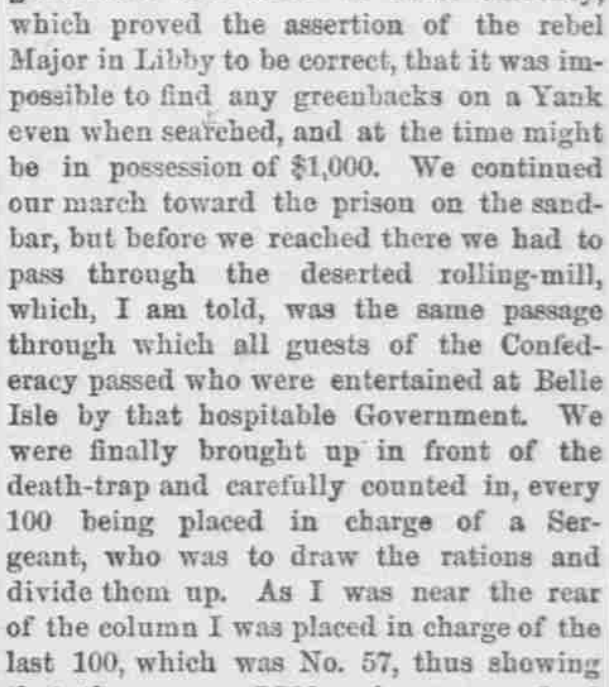
CONFINED ON BELLE ISLE.

A day or so after we were put in Libby some two or three hundred of us were marched out to the street under guard and formed in a column of fours and marched toward the famous island of sand in the James River, which will always be known as Belle Isle Prison. While on our way to that famous inclosure, and while yet marching



THE ESCAPE.

through the streets of the rebel Capital, quite a number of her enterprising citizens, who wished to turn an honest penny, presented themselves along the line of march and offered for sale edibles of various kinds, but principally of small loaves of bread, which were about the size of a common brick, for which the uncommon price of \$1 per loaf was asked, and I was surprised to see the prisoners readily pay it, some in greenbacks and some in rebel currency, which proved the assertion of the rebel Major in Libby to be correct, that it was impossible to find any greenbacks on a Yank even when searched, and at the time might be in possession of \$1,000. We continued our march toward the prison on the sand-bar, but before we reached there we had to pass through the deserted rolling-mill, which I am told, was the same passage through which all guests of the Confederacy passed who were entertained at Belle Isle by that hospitable Government. We were finally brought up in front of the death-trap and carefully counted in, every 100 being placed in charge of a Sergeant, who was to draw the rations and divide them up. As I was near the rear of the column I was placed in charge of the last 100, which was No. 57, thus showing that there were 5,700 prisoners confined within the inclosure, which packed them so close together that there was barely room for one man to pass another in the space left for that purpose. It was late in the afternoon when we were turned in, and a place assigned us, which was on the bare sand, without tents or covering of any kind, although there were plenty of tents ranged in a line as close together as they could be pitched, but which were already occupied; so we were compelled to take the sky for a covering. While we were standing and wondering how to dispose of ourselves comfortably, I heard some one call for Sergeant 57, which I responded to, and was put in possession of two wooden pails of soup—rations for my squad. As we had neither spoons, cups, or anything else with which to eat our rations, we were compelled to lift the bucket to our mouths and drink, which position and the size of the bucket



BUYING OF THE NEGROES.

gratulate themselves upon their escape and what they supposed would have been the treatment of the rest of them had not the Major interfered, which evidently relieved the minds of many of them. Just after this grand search for valuables by the rebel officers was over, a voice from the floor above, which was pierced by a hatchway in the rear end of the room, and through which one of the prisoners was protruding his head, called to us in a very beseeching tone:

"Say, boys, hand your money and watches up to me, and I'll take care of them for you until after you are searched."

There was a broad smile visible on the

and small aperture into which the soup was expected to flow, caused quite a portion of the precious decoction of bugs and hard peas to overflow on the face and clothes of the hungry prisoner, while quite as much more was lost by falling on the sand, and for which some of the half-starved prisoners scrambled and fought for as if it was of the greatest value. And what son! To those who have not eaten Belle Isle soup nothing in the English language can perfectly describe it. The buckets, when first handed to me, looked like a black mass of something, which on close inspection proved to be the wings of bugs which burrow into the pea and eat out all the substance, while they grow to the size of the pea itself and then die. Those were the kind of vegetables the rebels made the Yanks' soup out of. When you would skin these shells and wings to one side there was a yellowish fluid, which contained about as much nutriment as could be got out of chaff of well-threshed grain. But still the prisoners devoured it, as only hungry, and starving men would do. While on the Island I noticed that every morning we were marched through the entrance and counted, and as we came through the gate we were turned to the right until all prisoners who were able were on the outside of the embankment which surrounded the inclosures, which were like breastworks that were thrown up, the ditch being on the inside; and the ditch was the dead-line, where many of our sick and weak comrades fell into and were shot. After the prisoners were all out that could walk, the rebel officers and guards would go through the inclosure

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